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— THE —  
**JUVENILE**  
**INSTRUCTOR,**

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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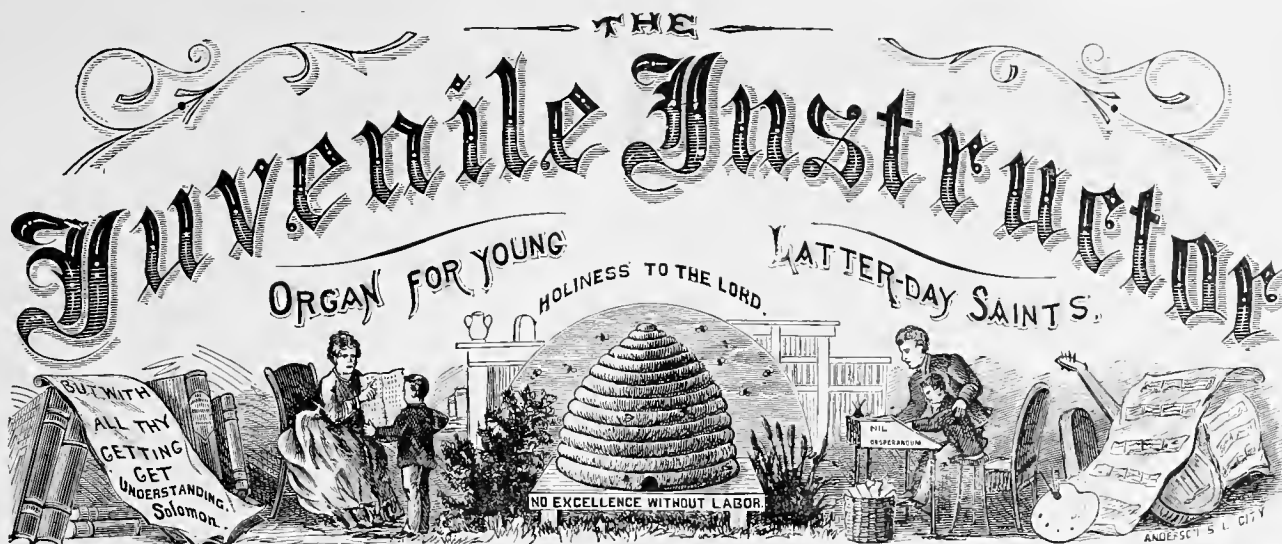
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NO. 18

## THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

OF all the sufferings through which the peasantry of the various nations of the globe have passed, perhaps none have been greater than those endured by the poorer classes in Ireland. Living on land which belongs to the wealthy nobles of England, a few hundred of which are the sole owners of the British Isles, and being required to pay a rental which to them is enormous, they neither have ambition nor opportunity to improve their surroundings. They have as a rule been content to live, as the saying is, "from hand to mouth," and, in fact, with their meagre income, this is all it is possible for them to do. The sickness of a working member of the household for a month, a week or even a day is felt by the remainder of the family in the decrease of the earnings, and any unforeseen misfortune is sure to bring a corresponding amount of suffering.

Not a few of the homes in the Emerald Isle are no better than the one represented in the accompanying engraving. A small hovel covered with reeds or dirt, without even a window

or a chimney has, however, for the son of Erin a charm which the finest dwelling elsewhere does not possess, and he tenaciously clings to the hut, where he perhaps was born and where his ancestors for very many years have lived.

It seems strange, too, that the wealthy nobles of England, whose incomes are far in excess of what they can consume, should feel willing to see their Irish tenants cruelly driven from the little spot of ground and dirty cots, which they love almost dearer than life, because they are so unfortunate as to be unable to pay their rental. We cannot wonder very much

that the cruelties inflicted upon some of the inhabitants of that ill-fated isle often arouse within them the most intense passion and cause them to commit crimes for which they alone are not responsible. That the peasantry are entirely free from blame no one will assert, but that wisdom united with kindness would do more to effectually settle the Irish question than any other means very few will deny. Where a people get the idea, and with some degree of consistency, that they are oppressed and persecuted unjustly, unless they are restrained by some religious motives, they are apt to feel that any means, however wicked, are justifiable in counteracting the efforts of their oppressors.

To this feeling may be attributed much of the present agitation on the Irish question.

In some of the evictions from their homes, the Irish have suffered the most inhuman cruelties, and have been subjected to tortures for which those who inflict them will some day have to answer. One case of man's inhumanity to man now comes to mind: O'Brien had been reared in a humble



dwelling on a spot of ground belonging to a prominent aristocrat of England. His progenitors for years had also occupied the same place. These things combined to make the spot sacred to him, and he had diligently labored to secure the means for paying his annual rent. In this he was successful until a lingering sickness overtook him. Rent day came and with it the landlord's demand for payment. In vain the invalid plead for a little time. The master's other tenants had also asked for time, but had still failed in their payments, and now it was either eviction or a settlement of all dues. This

latter course was impossible to the afflicted man, but his promises were vain and he was driven forth, weak and emaciated, from the home of his childhood and mature years. Can we wonder that harsh feelings sprang up in his heart against the cause of his suffering, and that he became as an Ishmaelite with his hand against everyone, feeling that everyone's hand was against him. How many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR would feel under similar circumstances otherwise than he? It is human nature to revolt at tyranny and oppression, and to seek redress for injuries.

Wherein lies the remedy not only for the troubles in Ireland, but also the agitations which are beginning to be felt in every nation? The only effectual one is contained within the gospel of the Son of God, which causes us to feel that we are all the children of one kind and indulgent Parent, and that each of His creatures is entitled to an equal share of His bounty and blessings. When the Lord's law concerning temporal affairs, as well as spiritual concerns, is fully carried out, then all labor agitations and hard feelings concerning the distribution of capital will end, and men will meet upon one common plane as children of the Most High, bountifully blessed.

## RICE.

BY HOMESPUN.

DO you ever wonder my little friends when you see the pretty white grains of rice, how it is grown? Well I can tell you something about how it is grown here on the Sandwich Islands, by the Chinese, for they alone have the pluck and perseverance to undertake the arduous and disagreeable labor necessary.

A piece of land is taken, low marshy land preferred; it is divided off into irregular shapes by low mud banks or walls, and prepared so that the water will stand very level all over it. The water is then turned off and when the land is dry enough it is plowed, sometimes with one ox with a crooked stick across his neck with a rope under his throat to keep it from slipping off.

When the land is all nicely plowed, the water is turned on again, which runs through the little mud walls from one patch to another, gradually soaking the clods, and filling up the patches until the land is all covered over with water again. Then down into this mudhole goes the Chinaman and his ox again, this time instead of a plow, the ox draws a long wide iron fork with two handles. Back and forth they go all day long from early morning till nearly dark in the deep mud, dragging the soil from the high places into the low so that the land is quite level again. Two or three weeks before beginning to plow, little beds or patches had been prepared into which the Chinamen had scattered rice very thickly, so thickly that one can hardly see the ground; these patches were kept just under the surface of the water and in a few days the rice begins to shoot up. When about six inches high it is ready to transplant, when it is all pulled up, the tops cut off a little, and bound into small bundles and thrown hither and thither into the patch just prepared by the Chinaman and his ox. The bunches are then pulled to pieces and the young rice plants set out in hills about a foot apart in the soft mud under the water. It grows quite fast, and at last begins to tassel out, looking much the same as our grain does at home, only the shell is a rich golden brown. Inside this, the white rice gleams like a tiny pearl.

The water, for the first time is now turned off the rice, and the Chinaman goes through the ripe grain, cutting it with a sharp knife, and laying it in piles. The stubble straw is gathered afterwards and burned. But the bundles of rice are gathered up, and taken to a threshing floor. The Chinamen fairly run back and forth with their great bundles on their backs.

A square platform is provided and on this the rice grain is piled and stamped out by animals. The rice is now sacked and ready to put aboard ship to forward to Honolulu.

I have forgotten to tell you about the little rice bird, it is the English sparrow I believe, which makes sad havoc in the ripening rice fields. For many weeks before the rice is ready to garner, all sorts of devices are resorted to, to prevent its mischievous onslaught. Wind mills and scarecrows are placed in the patches (*lo's*, the natives call these wet plats) and a Chinaman with a horrible sounding gong and a gun, goes about from sunrise to sunset, banging on the gong, shouting to the birds, and occasionally shooting into a flock of the little feathery thieves. I am obliged to admire the constant, tireless activity of these Chinamen, and I often wish that we as a people might emulate their persistent example to build up every place, or at least to do so according to our knowledge, and make every desert place a source of wealth and profit.

## WHY BOYS SHOULD LEARN A TRADE.

BY E. F. P.

IT is not to be expected that boys can realize the benefits of having a trade as well as older persons do; but if they could be shown in a clear way the advantages to be gained by learning a trade they would have a greater desire to learn one than many of them have.

From time to time this paper has published articles encouraging the youth to make themselves acquainted with some branch of mechanism, and has also shown the importance such an acquirement would be to the possessor. There are, however, a large number of young men who grow up without learning a trade, and who are not without the opportunity of doing so.

Many of them understand that it is to their advantage to be tradesmen, but they object to some features connected with an apprenticeship. One of these objections is the small wages received by boys apprenticed to learn trades. But if they would only take time to consider this matter they would find it to be no obstacle whatever. To illustrate this let us take or make an example.

Suppose a boy commences to learn a trade at the age of fourteen years, and works until he is twenty years old for the small sum of \$3.00 per week during the whole time. This is setting down a very low wage. In this country a boy's wages would average more than this at almost any trade. He may receive less than this for the first year, but generally an apprentice's wages are raised year by year, if not any oftener, so that during the last of the six years they would be considerable higher than this amount.

At the rate of \$3.00 per week, one year's wages would amount to \$156.00. We will consider that a boy, if he is intelligent and takes an interest in his work, in six years ought

to master an ordinary trade and should be considered a journeyman. Getting a journeyman's wages at \$3.00 per day, in five years he would earn \$4,680.00. This added to what he received during apprenticeship would make \$5,616.00, the whole amount of his wages from his fourteenth to his twenty-fifth year.

Let us now reckon on what he would receive for ordinary labor during the same length of time.

For the first six years we will say that he receives wages that would average \$6.00 per week. This is as much as a boy would get for common labor during this period. At the end of six years the amount of his earnings would be \$1,872.00. He would be able to do a man's work at the age of twenty years, and would receive perhaps \$2.00 per day for his labor. In five years this would bring him the sum of \$3,120, which, added to the amount received during the first six years, would make \$4,992.00—just \$624.00 less than what he would receive during the same length of time had he learned a trade.

Any boy can see from the above figures that it really pays better in dollars and cents for one to have a trade than to be without one. The loss during apprenticeship is more than made up during the first five years after it is completed; and from that time on a tradesman is able to earn higher wages at a better class of work than he would without a practical knowledge of skilled labor.

It would be better for a boy to work without receiving wages and learn a trade than to be without one. A trade is of as much value as a school education. For the latter people generally have to pay, and why object to learn a trade when it can be done without cost? And the time it takes to learn a trade is very often wasted in idleness by boys who do not like to work for a small price. They prefer to remain ignorant and earn nothing rather than earn a little money and gain an experience of more value.

Quite frequently boys will get dissatisfied with their labor after starting to work at a business because they are sent on errands and required to do many things that are not in the line of work they intended to learn. Those who do this are not wise. Whatever they have to do they should perform to the satisfaction of their employer, and it will not be long before their ability will be recognized; and no employer who is alive to his own interests would keep a boy at drudgery when he is able to do more profitable work.

On account of so many boys making such excuses as mentioned above, and leaving their positions, employers very often have a difficulty in procuring apprentices who are willing to come to their terms. So there are really more opportunities for willing hands to find employment than many think. A person may not be able always to get a chance to work at the trade he would most prefer. But the advantage of having some trade should be encouragement enough for him to try another branch of labor.

By learning a trade one is better able to gain a livelihood. He is not so liable to be out of work as much of the time, because he has the ability to do common as well as skillful labor; and there is generally more demand for the latter than the former.

Those who undertake to learn trades are brought in company with a more intelligent class of people, and by associating with them they partake of their habits; and thus beget an inclination to improve their minds. And it frequently happens that a person who learns a trade acquires during his spare moments, enough knowledge of some other pursuit to

enable him to follow it if he chooses, or if the trade he is working at does not suit him.

A man who has mastered some branch of skillful labor is likely to make a better citizen than an ordinary laborer or even a person with a good school education who is without mechanical skill. The most practical public men are those that have received training in a workshop.

Boys, have an ambition and a determination to learn a trade, not for your own benefit but for the good of society; there is a demand for intelligent tradesmen.

## PLEASING MEMORIES.

HOW delightful it is to dwell upon the memories of good men; those with whom we have mingled in our experience in the Church.

I remember when in the old country nearly forty years ago meeting with the late President John Taylor, who, at that time was the observed of all observers, and the admired of all admirers. In my young and enthusiastic nature he had been the means of arousing the most exquisite feelings, and love for the work of God; and it occurred to me that if I could only get him to lay his hands upon my head, how much it would add to my happiness. I was not only not deceived in this, but the experience I was favored to pass through far exceeded my expectations; so when I happened to be in a house with one or two of the brethren I earnestly requested him to lay his hands upon me and pronounce a blessing, which he consented cheerfully to do, the memory of which will never be erased from my mind; for as soon as his hands were removed from my head, such an exhilaration of feelings came over me that fairly lifted me above the earth, and this continued for the space of three days to the astonishment of myself and friends.

On another occasion, when about to leave to go on a foreign mission, he and I were alone in the office together, and he came near to me and in the most affectionate manner spoke comforting words that can never be forgotten; since which it has not been my privilege to look upon his benevolent countenance, or listen to his sympathetic utterances, but it has been my happy lot to receive several written communications from him during his cruel separation from the society of the Saints. He was a dear, kind friend to me and I bless his memory.

VETERAN.

ISOLATED PEOPLE.—Men who isolate themselves from society, and have no near and dear family ties, are the most uncomfortable of human beings. Byron says that "happiness was born a twin," but the phrase, although pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are gregarious and not intended to march through life in either single or double file. The man who cares for nobody and for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for the keeping of soul and body together. You must have a heap of embers to have a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and then they will become dim and cold. So, to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of live coals to keep each warm, to afford mutual encouragement, confidence and support. If you wish to live the life of a man, and not of the fungus, be social, be brotherly, be charitable, be sympathetic, and labor earnestly for the good of your kind.



## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HAVE had occasion before to call attention to a great fault that exists among the Latter-day Saints. It is the practice of relating gossip and circulating stories to the disadvantage of one another. An instance of this kind came to my knowledge not long ago, which I will relate.

A President of Stake, a man of good judgment, and who means to be a just man, in the course of conversation with me related an instance of the wrong-doing of a man who was somewhat prominent in his Stake. After he had concluded the recital I questioned him concerning the statement and asked him if he knew it was true, as I thought it a serious charge. He replied that he did not know it himself but he had it from good authority, and gave me the name of the man who had told him.

I said to him: "This is a grave matter, and it seems to me that unless you positively know it is true you should not repeat it. I would advise you to make inquiries for yourself and satisfy yourself as to its entire truth before you repeat it."

I, myself, had doubts about the correctness of the story, and I have been led to understand since that it was not true.

Now suppose I had believed the charge that was made against this man and had told it to someone else. It would then have had my endorsement. It would have gone forth as authentic. My relating it would lead those who heard it to believe that there could be no doubt concerning it. In this way I should have done this brother a great wrong—a wrong which might not easily have been repaired.

In this instance I took the liberty of impressing upon this President of Stake the importance of not repeating an injurious story that he might hear respecting any of his brethren without, in the first place, taking pains to satisfy himself that it was true.

Experience has satisfied me that it is very seldom a one-sided story can be relied upon. A statement made from one side only throws a partial light upon the case. But when all sides are heard there are extenuating circumstances or there are other explanations made that, when understood, throw an entirely different light upon it.

It is not only the duty of presiding officers to take these pains, but it is the duty of every member of our Church. We are not justified in speaking evil of our brethren and sisters, but more especially if that evil be mere rumor and has no foundation in fact.

Reputations are frequently damaged and almost destroyed in this way by falsehood, and injuries are committed that sometimes cannot be repaired in this life. Slanders are circulated: they go from tongue to tongue, until the air seems to be thick with them; and character is blackened and wrongs are committed which produce great sorrow, and frequently with but little or no cause.

It is a dreadful evil, and where practiced it should be repented of. Those who engage in it are covenant-breakers, and undoubtedly will bring upon themselves the displeasure of God. Those who have passed through the temple of the Lord know the nature of the covenant they make upon this subject. Yet many of them, while professing to be horrified at the breaking of other covenants and thinking that those who are guilty of their violation deserve condign punishment, will break this covenant with the utmost impunity, and do not appear to think they bring themselves under the least condemnation thereby.

Satan is described as the "accuser of our brethren." John the Revelator says:

And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night.

The reputation of brethren or sisters in the Church should be as dear to all members as their own. They have no more right to tarnish it or to assail it than they would have to commit a physical injury upon that person. Every right-feeling Latter-day Saint would shrink from striking a man or a woman a blow. Is there a woman in our community who would think it proper to strike a brother or a sister with her fist and give a black eye? But delicate women inflict worse injuries than these when they blacken the characters of men and women by speaking evil falsely concerning them. Who is there among us that would not prefer to receive a blow than to be defamed and falsely accused of matters of which we are innocent, or to have our families slandered and misrepresented? Men and women may make great professions of friendship and of kindness and good feeling; but if they are guilty of such acts, they are hypocrites and they are secret enemies, more to be dreaded than an open foe.

The Book of Mormon informs us there were times among the Nephites when Satan had great power over the people to deceive them, and one of the consequences was that the land was filled with rumors, the people's hearts were hard, and all manner of lies obtained currency.

That same Satan has recourse to the same tactics to-day to destroy the children of men. There are periods when he obtains great power to deceive and lead mankind astray, and to fill them with falsehood. I have thought that this is one of those periods. He is taking advantage of the enforced withdrawal of many of the leaders of the people and is filling the land with rumors of every kind, many of them false, which go from mouth to mouth with eager rapidity and to his great delight. Occurrences are misrepresented, actions are falsified, words are tortured and made evil of that in themselves are quite innocent. Is there not, therefore, a necessity for attention being called to this great evil?

No Latter-day Saint ought to speak evil of his fellow-member of the Church. But it may be asked: "Suppose this fellow-member commits evil, have I not the right to speak of it?"

But you should speak of it to him or to her, and not go to others and speak to them about it. If one be a wrong-doer he should be told wherein he has committed the wrong. It should be brought to his or her attention, and repentance should be enforced. If repentance is not exhibited then the offender can be dealt with under the laws of the Church, which are the laws of God. In this way we can deal with those who do wrong, and then there would be no necessity for talking about each others words or acts.

The more prominent a man or a woman or a family become, the more subject they are to attacks of this kind. There is a freedom taken by many people with families of leading men and their affairs which produce painful results. With a certain class no name, no reputation, however hard-earned it may be, seems to be sacred from such attacks. I sometimes question whether a resurrected being and his family, if they were here, would be free from the criticism of this kind of people.

Of course, every Latter-day Saint who understands the character of this work expects to be abused by the wicked and to have all manner of slanders circulated by them concerning

him. This has no effect upon the great majority of our people. But when this kind of treatment comes from our brethren and sisters in the Church, then how deep is the wound and how sorrowful are the feelings that are produced thereby!

It seems to me that our people are too fond of reading the falsehoods that are put in circulation by our enemies. There is a sheet published in this city which is devoted entirely to the slandering of the Saints and the destruction of every leading man and family among us. Nothing furnishes its writers so much delight as some transaction that will enable them to indulge in their attacks upon the Saints. The constant reading or even the occasional reading of such articles must have a bad effect upon all. I care not how strong the faith of Latter-day Saints may be who regularly read this stuff, its effect upon them cannot fail to instil poison into their minds and give a false color to their thoughts.

It is said that the constant dripping of water will wear away stone. The wearing away is not perceptible in one day or in one week, or even in one month; but if continued for a lengthened period its effect becomes very visible. So with this kind of reading matter. It will have its effect, and that effect must be the lowering of confidence in the Priesthood and in the people of God, and in the engendering of suspicion and doubt and an inclination to believe that the Latter-day Saints are prompted by wrong motives and are naturally wicked.

It has been my lot, in common with many others of my brethren and the people at large, to be abused by this paper from its commencement. I have made it an inflexible rule never to peruse it. From the beginning until the present time I have never read a copy. Therefore I have had no occasion to preach about it or to write about it, or in any manner to notice it. Its slanders have fallen unheeded and uncontradicted. This, I think, is the true policy to observe towards it. We should hear less about it from our own people, if they never read it. I feel confident that much of this gossip and evil speaking to which I allude draws its strength and substance from this miserable sheet.

If one will notice the effect the reading of these things has upon his mind, he will see that it is evil. If a man reads that which is prompted by the spirit of goodness, which is the Spirit of the Lord, it produces peace and joy and satisfaction. But if he reads that which is written under the influence of the spirit of Satan, it produces angry, painful feelings; it disturbs the mind and agitates it, and leaves a bad impression. He may know by this that it is not from God and, therefore, it should be avoided.

## ETERNAL FAME.

BY GOAIL.

IT is curious to note the many expedients to which human beings resort for the purpose of acquiring fame. Some spend their time in the accumulation of wealth; some in the acquisition of knowledge; others in the lecture field and in various other ways, each one feeling desirous of obtaining a good reputation, though that may not be, in many instances, the motive of action. Yet this object can easily be obtained if the proper course be but followed, for God has kindly placed within the reach of each of His children all the glory and eternal fame they can possibly desire if they will but grasp them by the employment of their faculties in His service.

What greater blessing or fame can any person desire than to have it known that he has placed himself in the way of peace and safety, and then that he has been the means of saving others, by which course the world will be made better for his having lived in it. Such a reputation is far more enduring and lustrous than that of the skillful financier, the shrewd politician or the conceited professor. Wealth and education in the arts and sciences are of great value to their possessor when properly used, but they can bring both disgrace and ruin to those who do not appreciate and employ them for wise purposes. The good deeds that men do live after them, and these are their passports to eternal glory, while the memory of their excellencies remain fresh in the minds of the living. As an example of what even a humble and obscure person can do towards true greatness we note the following example, as related by a gentleman who was traveling in England:

It was once my fortune to spend a quiet day in the rural town of Bilston, in England. It was a day full of surprise to me, for the shops were all closed, the manufactories were emptied, and there was an unusual concourse of people in the streets.

I was told that the town had not presented so solemn an aspect, even on the fast days, when the cholera was decimating its inhabitants. The people, the magistrates, and the clergy of every denomination were attending a funeral.

"Who is dead?" I inquired of a stranger.

"John Etheridge," was the response.

"And who was John Etheridge?"

"A small tradesman, whose humble dwelling, the same in which he was born and in which he died, you may see standing at the corner of St. Leonard's churchyard. There he kept a small hardware shop, and sold frying-pans, kettles, marbles, spinning-tops, Bibles, maps, spelling-books and tracts."

"And was he a rich man, sir?"

"Poor, rather; for he lived on nine or ten shillings a week, and devoted the rest of his earnings and the whole of his spare time to the service of others. He was the general counselor, the peacemaker, and the comforter of others. During divine service he used to go about the streets, and ask the loiterers whom he met why they were not at church; and in answer to the usual excuses, he would take them by the arm and lead them to the nearest church, and there, having secured them a comfortable seat, leave them, to look for others."

I gained other facts with reference to this remarkable man. It was his custom to speak roundly and plainly to those whose consciences he desired to awaken; and yet it is said that he never heard an insolent word in reply. But many an idler, who was lounging in the sun with his dog and pipe, would slink out of the way if he saw the redoubtable old man approaching, as swiftly as if he had seen a policeman with a warrant.

There may have been some eccentricity in portions of the old man's conduct, but the excellence of his judgment, not less than the sincerity of his zeal, is proved by the love and respect of the public, in whose daily sight his long life had been spent, and who followed him, as a father, to the grave.

Such, in brief, was John Etheridge, who, though he rarely went out of his native town, has left a name that is known and cherished throughout all England."

Thus we see what a good man of energy and perseverance can accomplish. No tablet of marble need be reared to perpetuate the memory of John Etheridge. His deeds are written on the hearts of thousands of his fellows and an indelible record of his worthy actions is kept in heaven.

Children, eternal fame can only be gained by perseverance, energy and faithfulness in the cause of truth. All else ends with the grave, or is only called up in the future to effect our own condemnation.

ACTIVITY may lead to evil; but inactivity cannot lead to good.

# FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

## GEORGE'S ERROR.

BY J. J. MCLELLAN JR.

THE following incident which occurred some years ago shows that many of the follies common among boys in these days were also practiced then, and it also shows one very effective way of impressing boys with the wickedness of having fun which works injury or pain to others:

George was the name of a thoughtless little boy whose parents were quite wealthy and did a great deal for his comfort and pleasure. He was not naturally wicked but often did things that were very wrong.

One day as he and his companions were going home from school they saw a gentleman passing quietly along the street. He was dressed in ordinary working clothes, and they therefore took the liberty of making him the object of their cruel sport.

"Let's have some fun," said one of the boys.

"Very well, what is it?" all exclaimed.

"Why see who can come nearest to hitting that man."

With this all picked up rocks and threw at the gentleman, the one George threw happening to strike him on the leg. The gentleman limped for a short distance, but further than that seemed to take no notice of the cruel act.

The boys were delighted with their deed, and laughed heartily as they took their different ways for home. George's humor, however soon turned to soberness, for as he reached his father's gate he was met by his sister who said her uncle had come to visit them, but while on his way through the street he had been hit with a stone thrown by some naughty boy. Immediately George felt condemned and hesitated about going into the house until his father called him.

No sooner had he entered and met his uncle's gaze before the latter said, "This is the boy who hit me with a rock."

The parents could scarcely believe that George had been so wicked, but when they knew the truth his father said, "Well, George, your uncle brought a nice watch for you, but because of your folly and rudeness, it shall be given to your brother. Let this lesson cause you to remember that

it is your duty to be genteel and kind to everyone."  
George's error gave him a good lesson.

## THE LITTLE SWEEP.

SEVERAL years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney-sweepers in the city of Dublin, for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his book, the sign-boards on the houses. What may not be done by trying?

## QUEER TOM.

TOM FLOSSOFER was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried. I never saw him cry. If Fleda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come around the corner whistling, and say:

"What makes you cry? Can you cry tulips? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them!"

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fleda off to hunt hen's nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"



"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and I want to make another." Just so when he broke his leg.

"Poor Tom," cried Fleda, "you can't play any mo-o-o-re!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have time to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whittle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flossofer was queer, certainly; but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.

### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT inference did Joseph Smith draw from the conduct of Gen. John C. Bennett during a sham battle by the Nauvoo Legion? 2. By what means did he hope to accomplish this? 3. What led Joseph to suspect the motives of this conspirator? 4. What were Joseph's conclusions respecting Bennett? 5. How did this man Bennett get into the good graces of the authorities and people at Nauvoo? 6. What course did he pursue after his true motives and feelings toward Joseph and the Church came to light? 7. In what condition was he during the last few years of his life? 8. What remarkable prophecy did the prophet, Joseph, make concerning the habitation and future destiny of the Saints? 9. When was the prediction uttered?

### WHAT BESSIE THOUGHT.

DEAR grandma had a birthday

A little while ago;

The children were all very glad,

Because they loved her so.

And all, from Hal to Bessie,

Had brought some little thing,

And gave to grandma with a kiss,

As their own offering.

But now the day was over,

And little golden-hair

At mamma's knee in rev'rence knelt,  
To say her evening prayer.

"What shall I ask for grandma?"

Said Bessie. "Why, my dear,

Ask God to bless her all the time,  
And grant she may be here

"For many, many birthdays,

And, ere He calls her home,

This grandma whom we love so much

May very old become."

From mamma's knee our Bessie

Quick raised her curly head,

Though not assent her face revealed,

But wonderment instead.

"Why, mamma, grandma is old,"

The little lips explain,

"I think it's better to ask God

To make her young again!"

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 16.

1. WHEN was Lyman Wight chosen as an Apostle and in whose place? A. On the 8th of April, 1841, in the place of David W. Patten, martyred in Missouri.

2. When did George A. Smith return from his mission to England? A. July 16th, 1841.

3. What relative of the Prophet died August 7th of the same year? A. Don Carlos Smith, his youngest brother.

4. What declaration did Joseph make at a general conference held in the grove at Nauvoo, October, 1841? A. That the Church should not hold another general conference until they could meet in the Temple.

5. When was the temporary baptismal font in the Nauvoo Temple dedicated? A. November 8th, 1841.

6. How long was this after the corner stones of the temple were laid? A. Seven months.

7. When was the ordinance of baptism for the dead commenced in the basement of the Nauvoo Temple? A. November 21st, 1841.

8. Who was appointed Joseph's private secretary and general clerk of the Church? A. Willard Richards.

9. What periodical was published in the interest of the Church in Philadelphia during this year? A. *The Gospel Reflector*.

10. By whom was it edited? A. By B. Winchester.

THE names of those who answered questions on Church History published in No. 15 are as follows: Jas. G. West, Lottie J. Fox, Annie Sylvia Sessions, Henry H. Blood, Arthur Porter.

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1887.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**W**E have often had occasion in these columns to speak upon the importance of Obedience. Pope said that order was heaven's first law, and as we have had occasion frequently to remark, we think the sentiment incorrect. Obedience is the first law and order is the result of obedience. Every pain should be taken to teach our children obedience—prompt and unquestioned obedience. Every child should be impressed with its importance, and no departure from it should be permitted.

We have frequently heard mothers address their children and ask them to do a certain thing, but they would allow them to take their own time in obeying the request, apparently leaving it to themselves whether they complied with it or not. In such households children soon learn to do as they please; they obey when it suits them, and they decline to obey when the request made of them does not suit them. The result is, parental government is a failure, and the children are left to do as they please. Such a condition is lamentable, and we pity the children who are brought up in such households.

In our experience the elders who have been most successful in their ministry, and have been enabled to get along the most happily with their fellow-servants, have been those who have been taught in early life the virtue of obedience, and who have had that lesson impressed upon them by their parents. A lesson of this kind, properly learned in childhood and youth, adds immensely to the happiness of the individual, whether it be a man or a woman; for a woman who is thus trained, when she becomes a wife, respects the counsel and authority of her husband and is obedient to his wishes in a way that adds greatly to the happiness of both herself and her husband. The husband, also, if he has had a training of this character, makes a better, a kinder and a more judicious husband, and is by all odds a better parent, knowing from past experience how to train his children.

No parent should ask a child to do that which is not right; but when a parent makes a proper request promptness in obeying the requirement should be strictly enforced. A child should not be left to choose its own time to perform an action that is required of it. Such a latitude as this granted to a child or a youth breaks down authority. Children should be taught to obey promptly, and to do so without murmuring.

A bad fashion prevails among some children which we attribute to the bad management of their parents. A child in the family is asked to do a certain thing. Instead of obeying without question, the child speaks up murmuringly, and perhaps in a whining tone and asks: "Why can't William do that?" or, "why can't Thomas do that?" or, if it be a girl, she replies: "why can't Mary do it?"

To a person who has a proper conception of obedience such expressions are exceedingly painful. They are evidences of bad training. It shows that in the child's mind questions have arisen as to the rightfulness of the request made by the parent; and it also shows that thus early in life the child resents

the parent's authority and that the seeds of discontent and a want of confidence in the parent's judgment and justice are already sown in its heart.

A respect for parents must lie at the foundation of all true obedience. A request made by a parent should be acceded to with pleasure, and without a question as to its propriety. For a child to ask if somebody else cannot do the same thing is for it to assume that it knows its duty better than the parent, or that it doubts the parent's fairness. This ought not to be permitted.

And yet there is no reason why the utmost kindness cannot exist between parents and children even where strict obedience is exacted and wherever a request that is made is expected to be obeyed promptly.

There are some excellent remarks which we have read upon this subject by W. M. F. Round, a very high New York authority on prisons, who is intimately acquainted with the causes which keep them full. He says:

Day by day I see criminals, hundreds of them—thousands of them in the course of the year. I see scores of broken-hearted parents wishing rather that their sons had never been born than they had lived to bear such burdens of shame and disgrace. I hear the wailing of disappointed mothers and see humiliated fathers crying like children because of the sins of their children. I see mothers growing gray between the successive visits in which they come to enquire about the boy in prison. And seeing these dreadful things till my heart aches and aches. I say to those mothers and fathers whose boys have not yet gone astray, to mothers and fathers whose little families are the care of their lives, teach your children Obedience. I want it written large. I wish I could make it blaze here in letters of fire. I wish I could write it in imperishable, glowing letters on the walls of every home—Obedience, Obedience, Obedience! Obedience to law—to household law; to parental authority; unquestioning, instant, exact obedience. Obedience in the family; obedience in the school! Wherever, from the beginning, from the first glimmering of intelligence in the child there is expression of law, let there be taught respect for it and obedience to it. It is the royal road to virtue, to good citizenship; it is the only road.

Of all people in the world Latter-day Saints should take these words to heart; for we above all know how truly valuable and necessary is obedience. God has taught us that without implicit obedience we cannot inherit His glory. He teaches us this lesson and impresses it upon our hearts by all the power and influence of the Holy Spirit.

Satan is a rebel. He would make all mankind rebels if he could.

Watch the spirit of his followers! They hate and deride the Saints because they are obedient. They rejoice and exult over every manifestation of disobedience on the part of members of the Church.

Disobedience results in rebellion—rebellion becomes apostasy.

CHILDREN, shun disobedience. Make it your pleasure and chief delight to obey and honor your parents and all constituted authority.

PARENTS, insist upon strict obedience on the part of your children.

Commence to teach the child when its dawning faculties first begin to comprehend your wishes, the great lesson of obedience.

Mothers sometimes laugh at the pranks and mischief of their children and view them as evidences of brightness. This may be all very well if not allowed to go too far.

But she is a foolish mother who, when she attempts to check these manifestations of mischief, and the child will not obey her, suffers it to disregard her voice, to disobey her wishes and

to continue doing that which she has forbidden, and passes it over and calls it "cunning."

Such mothers should understand that, when they take this course, they are their children's greatest enemies.

The rule that should be observed is:

Never make a request of a child that is not right for it to comply with; and when such a request is made, insist upon prompt and unmurmuring obedience thereto.

## OUR TERRITORY.

*A lecture delivered before the 76th Quorum of Seventies in Ogden, by Moroni P. Brown.*

*(Continued from page 265.)*

THERE is no other industry, so necessary to insure the permanent colonization of a country, as that of agriculture; because the natural and most potent out-growths of it are happy homes and beautiful cities. Manufactories will not prosper to any great extent in a region whose products are not adequate to sustain its inhabitants. Metals of every species may abound, sufficiently to insure the advent of railroads, but these only warrant mining camps and railroad towns, whose inhabitants mainly consist in men without families, and women who make merchandise of themselves at the shrine of money; no growing cities beautified with trees and flower-gardens, and honored with industrial schools, but disorderly, filthy towns whose even temporary existence depends upon the success of the mines. Not so with Utah, for in addition to her great mining capacity, she out-ranks many of the leading states and territories in agricultural pursuits. It is true that the farmers cannot depend upon rain as a means to develop and render heavy their crops (as is the case in many other parts of the Union) but an artificial process of irrigation is adopted, which proves as beneficial to the land as does the inundation of the river Nile upon the farms along its banks. The lofty peaks and plateaus of the Rocky Mountains become enveloped in snow in Winter which yields to the scorching rays of the king of day, when he makes his annual visit to the north, and flows in crystal streams down the mountain ravines into the valleys below. This is conveyed in artificial canals on the land for the purpose of irrigation. Millions of dollars have been expended in Utah alone in the construction of these canals; so that the once parched and barren soil to the extent of thousands of acres has been rendered fruitful, and is now dotted with thriving cities and towns. The hum of industry is heard where the jack rabbit and the coyote once held undisputed sway. Thus the saying: "the desert has been made to blossom as the rose." In the year 1884, 7640 miles of canals were operated in the interest of agriculture.

The principal products of the land are wheat, oats, barley, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, beets, turnips, carrots, onions, etc. Garden truck is produced in endless variety. Our apples, peaches, pears, grapes, apricots, cherries, plums and many other fruits surpass in quality, those of most of the states and territories in the Union. I quote from an essay on Utah, written by Robert W. Sloan, speaking of the height of fertility to which the soil has been advanced in Utah, in which he says: "Mr. S. A. Woolley, on sixteen and four-fifths acres of this same soil raised an average of seventy-three and one-half bushels of grain to the acre; he sowed six and two-thirds acres with wheat, and obtained 426 bushels; five and two-third acres with barley, and realized 517 bushels; three and one-half acres with

oats, and received 310 bushels; making a total of 1253 bushels, each cleanly separated from the other. The average of wheat to the acre is 61 bushels; of oats, 88 bushels; all calculated by weight, and running from four to eight pounds over upon every bushel. At Mendon, Cache Valley, a gentleman raised on an average, 60 bushels of grain to the acre on a large farm." This is sufficient to show that the land of Utah is susceptible of a high degree of fertility.

One of the most pleasing features of a home in our Territory, as well in country as in city, consists in the rich profusion of flowers that grow in Summer-time along the walks that lead to the dwellings. Shade trees of various species adorn the sidewalks, and add not a little charm to the beauty of the cities. Thus it will be seen that horticulture is also a complete success in these valleys.

Nowhere else in the whole world can a greater variety of climate be found in the same extent of territory than is afforded in Utah; in the southern part it is congenial to the growth of tropical fruits, while in the extreme north some of the valleys of high altitude are visited with frost every month in the year; then intervening these two extremes the climates are as diversified as is possible with a variation of 8000 feet in altitude, aided with a difference of 500 miles in latitude.

Another vocation which commands the attention of quite a percent of our people is that of

### STOCK-RAISING;

a vast extent of the Territory being exclusively adapted to that business. The mountains and high plateaus are covered, in Summer, with an exuberant growth of grass, which affords excellent grazing for cattle and other stock. Indeed "Green Mountains," would not be an inappropriate name for many of the ranges of Utah, because of their verdant appearance in the Summer-time.

Most people who are engaged in stock-raising, make a specialty of thoroughbreds, the farmers particularly spare no effort in stocking their farms with horses and cattle of the best blood. The result is that stock of an inferior grade are gradually yielding and giving place to a much better class.

This is a commendable move on the part of the farmers, for it costs little or no more to raise a good animal than it does to raise one of inferior quality. The culture of sheep has also proved a lucrative business with many. You are so well acquainted with the existing breeds of stock here, that it would be superfluous for me to enumerate them at this time; therefore I hasten to a consideration of the

### MANUFACTURING

capacity of our Territory.

Up to the advent of railroads in Utah, this industry was confined mainly to the production of woolen goods, boots and shoes, and such other commodities of a domestic character as are required to sustain life; but after that period had dawned upon our Territory, not only these branches of manufacture received an impetus, but others were established which have proved successful in no small degree.

The hum of industry is not confined to the cities and towns; but it may be heard in the canyons, far separated from the rush and tumult of business life; there, the roar of the turbine wheel, the exhaust of the engine, the ring of the circular saw, and the felling of huge trees, tell in wondrous terms that the production of lumber ranks among the leading pursuits of the people of Utah. Vast fortunes have been accumulated in the operation of saw-mills, and labor is produced for thousands of men every Summer.

*(To be Continued.)*

## JOHN JARMAN'S IDLENESS.

IN one of the old towns of New England lived a good husband and wife named Jarman, whose only living child was called John. Death had taken from this worthy couple their other children to the number of four, and because of their misfortunes they had lavished all their care upon the remaining son and thereby almost spoiled him. Naturally bright and quick he was still lazy, and when told to do anything he did not like he would sit and pout or cry about it, and sometimes fail to do as asked altogether. He also had a habit of leaving things which should have been done at the moment, till a more convenient time in the future, that is, he procrastinated, and this brought him any amount of trouble and discontent.

His father spent considerable means in trying to educate him, but his careless habits and inattention almost discouraged those who were trying to instruct him. He was severely scolded for his negligence one day, and this being so unusual a proceeding to him that he went home, seated himself by the fire, and expressed his determination to leave school altogether. His mother talked to him in a kind manner and tried to show him the value of learning, but he answered her in such a rude way as to cause her to stand and stare at him in amazement. When his father came home from work, however, he soon gave John to understand that he must again go to school. He also showed him the folly of his course and so worked upon his feelings that John resolved to try and do better on the morrow.

Procrastination was not to be overcome, however, as easily as was expected, and John had a few more lessons to learn, had to gain a little more strength before he could become absolute master.

"Sixty seconds make one minute, sixty minutes make one hour, twenty-four hours make one day," studied John the following day. "Twenty-four hours make one day, seven days—"

"Third class in arithmetic," called the teacher, and John's mouth puckered into a whistle—almost an audible one. This was his class, and he had just begun studying the lesson. Of course he failed.

Miss Atwood looked grave—cross, John called it.

"The third imperfect lesson this week! What's the matter?"

"Couldn't find time for it," pouted the boy.

"Very well. You may search for time after school. The lost must be found."

It was nearly dark when he reached home.

"Run right out and shut up the chickens, and chop the kindlings for morning," his mother said.

"All right." But John was spinning his top, and before he had finished he forgot all about the chores.

"Everything done?" asked mamma, as he was going to bed.

"O, I forgot! And then, you see, it was so late when I got home I couldn't find time."

There was no help for it. He must go out in the cold and dark to attend to his neglected duties.

"I don't like these short days," he grumbled, kicking the snow from his boots. "You can't find time for anything."

"How many hours in a day?" asked Mrs. Jarman.

John brightened up. He had learned that table only a few hours before. "Sixty seconds make one minute, sixty minutes one hour, twenty-four hours one day—"

"Did you say one Summer day?"

"Why, no, it means a day and a night both. It's just the same all the year round."

"Is that so? Then we have all the time there is, both in Winter and Summer."

Let me tell you a secret. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will not be lost. I have a little story for you before you go to bed."

John seated himself contentedly by the fire.

"There was once a boy about your age and size who had a very rich friend. This friend loved the boy and wanted to help him be useful and happy. So he said, 'I have an important place for you to fill by and by. You are not ready for it yet, but I will give you every means of preparation. My gifts shall be sent continually, and directly to you. They are to be used to fit you for the position, and if you improve them as you ought, the place will afford you great happiness, and you shall be a blessing to others. More than that, sometime you shall go to live in my beautiful home, where there are pleasures sweeter than you ever dreamed of!'



"The boy felt very grateful to his kind friend, and resolved to use the gifts carefully, and do all he could to show himself worthy. Next morning he awoke full of good resolutions. A messenger had already brought some of the gifts—only a few small coins as yet. But the boy meant to use every one as the giver had directed.

"Suddenly the door opened, and in walked a pleasant-looking man, who said, 'What, awake so early? Don't get up quite yet. I know how comfortable a bed is these cold mornings.' Then he drew the clothes up around the boy's neck, patted his back softly, and directly had him sound asleep again. Then pocketing all the coins, he ran off laughing.

"When the child awoke he missed the money, but, after all, it was not much, and he could not believe the pleasant stranger was a thief. New presents were coming, and if anyone asked about the first ones, he replied carelessly, 'I couldn't find them.'

"After that the pleasant-faced man came often. He amused the boy with books and toys when he should have been at work, sat by him in school whispering stories of adventure and telling him about future glory, all the time putting the little coins in his own pocket. If the child saw him do this he only thought a few wouldn't make any difference. Parents and teachers, however, mourned over neglected tasks and studies. His standing excuse was, 'I couldn't find the means.' Just as if those beautiful gifts were to be found! Why, they were sent directly by his kind friend.

"As he approached manhood he began to realize his unfitness for the promised place. He had learned something of the harm the smiling stranger was doing, and tried to drive him away; but the man would not be driven; he claimed a right to the presents, and took them in spite of the owner. Besides, those already gone could not be replaced, and the boy began to fear and dread the coming of the rich friend, his benefactor.

"The end? No, I will not finish to-night; but do you suppose he would dare to tell the giver that the little gifts were of no account, or try to excuse shortcoming by saying, 'I couldn't find time?'"

John had grown very sober during the story. "O, mamma, you mean me, and the rich friend is God, and His gifts are the minutes; but I don't understand about the thief. Do you mean putting off things?"

"Procrastination is the thief of time," quoted mamma.

"He sha'n't steal any more from me," said John resolutely, as he went to bed.

Thus far he has kept the thief away; but look out, boys and girls, for procrastination would just as soon steal from you as from John.

## OUR IMITATORS.

BY JOCK.

IN one of the large cities of this country a young man began his professional career as a physician with the most brilliant prospects. His education had been thorough and complete and his large circle of acquaintances furnished him with patients whose care demanded all the time he desired to spend at business. To one great danger, however, he was almost constantly exposed—that of becoming a drunkard through the indulgence in wine-drinking at social gatherings.

Being intelligent and agreeable, he was a welcome guest at every home. Without his presence no social meeting seemed

complete, and wherever he went the fatal wine-cup was handed him. Having faith in his powers of resistance when necessary he drank again and again. The habit grew upon him and he indulged it until he seemed to have lost all control of himself. Then he began to neglect his business, his patrons one by one deserted him, and finally he reached the condition of a staggering drunkard.

His family suffered for the want of the necessities of life, and the future before them all seemed gloomy, for the head of the household was fast approaching a rum-pauper's inevitable fate.

After a night of excess and carousing his wife arose one Sunday morning and went to church, leaving him at home in bed, and his two boys amusing themselves in the room where he was. He was suddenly aroused from his stupid sleep by the noise of his children, and he angrily opened his eyes and was about to speak harshly when he saw his six-year old son stagger across the floor and fall down in exact imitation of a man under the influence of liquor. The other son, older than he, laughed at the performance.

"That's just like papa; let's both play drunk!" he cried, and then joined his brother in the sport.

Can you imagine the feelings of that parent? The witness of this own sin was there presented to him. He saw his imitators. He beheld the influence of his horrible example, and the effect thereof he felt. The wretched man sprang from his bed and left the house. He did not go to the saloon nor to visit patients, for the latter had all deserted him, but he went out into the fields alone where he could reflect on his great sin and endure his misery alone. His conscience, now thoroughly aroused, accused him unceasingly, but it saved him, and his firm resolve to mend his ways was strengthened by Divine aid. Being still young and active his firm adherence to his good resolution speedily brought to him renewed prosperity.

Could we all but foresee the results of our examples on those by whom we are surrounded, there would undoubtedly be a great reformation among some individuals. The plea which the wrong-doer often advances when urged to forsake sin is that it matters not to others what he does: he is the only sufferer for his transgressions. He forgets the influence which his example has upon others. How far this extends he will not know until the final day of reckoning, but that the acts of every individual, whether they be good or evil, have some effect on others, cannot be denied. Sin of every kind is felt by others more than the one who commits it; the effect of it is felt more or less by the sinner's relatives and acquaintances or by the community of which he forms an integral part. Depraved as some persons become they cannot reach any condition where they are entirely without influence nor can they totally deprive their bad examples of their effects.

On the other hand, the good deeds of men bring honor and glory not only to the one who performs them, but to all his connections, and the examples of noble men do more good in a community than it is possible for us to estimate. All human beings admire, though they may often ridicule, sincerity, honor, uprightness and integrity, and as a rule young people will desire and endeavor to imitate persons who possess these admirable qualities. How necessary it is, then, that men and women carefully watch their actions and words that their examples may not be the cause of misleading others! We may rest assured that the sins of others will be partially required at our hands before the bar of God if our course of life has been such as to encourage them to tread the path of vice.



## A SACRED HISTORY.

## External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS A. SHREEVE.

Chapter XII. (Continued).

STILL drawing information from Donnelly and other writers of eminence and quoting them freely, I continue.

Even the temptation of Eve reappears in the American legends. Lord Kingsborough says: "The Toltecs had paintings of a garden, with a single tree standing in the midst; round the root of the tree is entwined a serpent, whose head appearing above the foliage displays the face of a woman. Torquemada admits the existence of this tradition among them, and agrees with the Indian historians, who affirm that this was the first woman in the world, who bore children, and from whom all mankind are descended." (*Mexican Antiquities*, Vol. VIII., p. 19). There is also a legend of Suchiquecal, who disobeyed gathered roses from a tree, and thereby disgraced and injured herself and all her posterity. (*Mexican Antiquities*, Vol. VI., p. 401).

The legends of the old world which underlie Genesis, and were used by Milton in the "Paradise Lost," appear in the Mexican legends of a war of angels in heaven, and the fall of Zoutem-Que (Soutem, Satan—Arabic, Shatana) and the other rebellious spirits.

We have seen the Central Americans possessed striking parallels to the account of the deluge in Genesis.

There is also a clearly established legend which singularly resembles the Bible record of the tower of Babel.

Father Duran, in his MS. "Historia Antiqua De La Nueva Espana," A. D., 1585, quotes from the lips of a native of Cholula, over one hundred years old, a version of the legend as to the building of the great pyramid of Cholula. It is as follows:

In the beginning, before the light of the sun had been created, this land [Cholula] was in obscurity and darkness, and void of any created being; all was a plain, without hill or elevation, encircled in every part by water, without tree or created thing; and immediately after the light and the sun arose in the east there appeared gigantic men of deformed stature and possessed the land, and desiring to see the nativity of the sun, as well as his occident, proposed to go and seek them. Dividing themselves into two parties, some journeyed to the west and others toward the east, these traveled until the sea cut off their road, whereupon they determined to return to the place from which they started, and arriving at this place [Cholula], not finding the means of reaching the sun, enamored of his light and beauty, they determined to build a tower so high that its summit should reach the sky. Having collected materials for the purpose, they found a very adhesive clay and bitumen, with which they speedily commenced to build the tower; and having reared it to the greatest possible altitude, so that they say it reached to the sky, the Lord of the Heavens, enraged, said to the inhabitants of the sky: "Have you observed how they of the earth have built a high and haughty tower to mount hither, being enamored of the light of the sun and his beauty? Come and confound them, because it is not right that they of the earth, living in the flesh, should mingle with us." Immediately the inhabitants of the sky sallied forth like flashes of lightning; they destroyed the edifice, and divided and scattered its builders to all parts of the earth.

One can recognize in this legend the recollection, by a ruder race, of a highly civilized people; for only a highly civilized people would have attempted such a vast work. Their mental superiority and command of the arts gave them the character

of giants. They were sun-worshippers; for we are told "they were enamored of the light and beauty of the sun," and they built a high place for his worship.

The pyramid of Cholula is one of the greatest constructions ever erected by human hands. It is even now, in its ruined condition, 160 feet high, 1400 feet square at the base, and covers forty-five acres; we have only to remember that the greatest pyramid of Egypt, Cheops, covers but twelve or thirteen acres, to form some conception of the magnitude of this American structure.

It must not be forgotten that this legend was taken down by a Catholic priest, shortly after the conquest of Mexico, from the lips of an old Indian who was born before Columbus sailed from Spain.

Observe the resemblances between this legend and the Bible account of the building of the tower of Babel:

"All was a plain without hill or elevation," says the Indian legend. "They found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there," says the Bible. They built of brick in both cases. "Let us build a tower whose top may reach unto heaven," says the Bible. "They determined to build a tower so high that its summit should reach the sky," says the Indian legend. "And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of men had builded. And the Lord said, Behold. Nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down and confound them," says the Bible record. "The Lord of the heavens, enraged, said to the inhabitants of the sky, Have you observed," etc. "Come and confound them," says the Indian record. "And the Lord scattered them abroad from thence on all the face of the earth," says the Bible. "They scattered its builders to all parts of the earth," says the Mexican legend.

Can any one doubt that these two legends must have sprung in some way from one another, or from some common source?

But the resemblances between Genesis and the American legends do not stop here.

We are told (*Gen. ii, 21*) that "the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and while he slept God made Eve out of one of his ribs." According to the Quiche tradition, there were four men from whom the races of the world descended (probably a recollection of the red, black, yellow, and white races) and these men were without wives and the Creator made wives for them "while they slept."

In Genesis (*Chap. iii, 22*.) "And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil; and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life and eat, and live, forever:" therefore God drove him out of the garden. In the Quiche legends we are told, "The gods feared that they had made men too perfect, and they breathed a cloud of mist over their vision."

When the ancestors of the Quiches migrated to America the Divinity parted the sea for their passage, as the Red Sea was parted for the Israelites.

The story of Sampson is paralleled in the history of a hero named Zipanca, told of in the *Popol Vuh*, who being captured by his enemies and placed in a pit, pulled down the building in which his captors had assembled, and killed four hundred of them."

"There were giants in those days," says the Bible. A great deal of the Central American history is taken up with the doings of an ancient race of giants called Quinames.

This parallelism runs through a hundred particulars:

Both the Jews and Mexicans worshiped toward the east. Both called the south "the right hand of the world."

Both burnt incense toward the four corners of the earth.

Confession of sin and sacrifice of atonement were common to both peoples.

Both were punctilious about washings and ablutions.

Both believed in devils, and both were afflicted with leprosy.

Both considered women who died in childbirth as worthy of honor as soldiers who fell in battle.

Both punished adultery with stoning to death.

As David leaped and danced before the ark of the Lord, so did the Mexican monarchs before their idols.

Both had an ark, the abiding place of an invisible God.

The same singular custom which is found among the Jews and the Hindoos, for "a man to raise up seed for his deceased brother by marrying his widow," was found among the Central American nations. (*Las Casas, MS. Hist. Apoloq. chap. ccxiii. . ccv. Torquemada, Monarq. Ind. , Tom. II. , 377-8.*)

No one but the Jewish high priest might enter the Holy of Holies. A similar custom obtained in Peru. Both ate the flesh of the sacrifices of atonement; both poured the blood of atonement on the earth; they sprinkled it, they marked persons with it, they smeared it upon walls and stones. The Mexican temple, like the Jewish, faced the east. "As among the Jews the ark was a sort of portable temple, in which the Deity was supposed to be continually present, so among the Mexicans, the Cherokees, and the Indians of Michoacan and Honduras, an ark was held in the highest veneration, and was considered an object too sacred to be touched by any but the priests." (*Kingsborough, Mex. Antiq. Vol. VIII, p. 258.*)

The Peruvians believed that the rainbow was a sign that the earth would not be again destroyed by a deluge. (*Ibid p. 25.*)

The Jewish custom of laying the sins of the people upon the head of an animal, and turning him out into the wilderness, had its counterpart among the Mexicans, who, to cure a fever, formed a dog of maize paste and left it by the roadside, saying the first passer-by would carry away the illness. (*Dorman, Prim. Super. , p. 59.*) Jacob's ladder had its duplicate in the vine or tree of the Ojibbeways, which led from the earth to heaven, up and down which the spirits passed. (*Ibid, p. 67.*)

Both Jews and Mexicans offered water to a stranger that he might wash his feet; both ate dust in token of humility; both anointed with oil; both sacrificed prisoners; both periodically separated the women, and both agreed in the strong and universal idea of uncleanness connected with that period.

Both believed in the occult power of water; and both practiced baptism.

Then the Mexican midwife gave the child to taste of the water, putting her moistened fingers in its mouth, and said, "Take this; by this thou hast to live on the earth, to grow and to flourish; through this we get all things that support existence on the earth; receive it." Then with moistened fingers she touched the breast of the child, and said, "Behold the pure water that washes and cleanses thy heart, that removes all filthiness; receive it; may the Goddess see good to purify and cleanse thine heart." Then the midwife poured water upon the head of the child, saying, "O my grandson—my son—take this water of the Lord of the world, which is thy life, invigorating and refreshing, washing and cleansing. I pray that this celestial water, blue and light blue, may enter into thy body, and there live; I pray that it may destroy in thee

and put away from thee all the things evil and adverse that were given thee before the beginning of the world—whosoever thou art in this child, O thou hurtful thing, begone! Leave it, put thyself apart; for now does it live anew, and *anew it is born*; now again is it purified and cleansed: now again is it shaped and engendered by our mother, the Goddess of water." (*Bancroft's Native Races, Vol. III. , p. 372.*)

The Mexicans hung up the heads of their sacrificed enemies; this was also a Jewish custom:

And the Lord said unto Moses, take all the heads of the people, and hang them up before the Lord against the sun, that the fierce anger of the Lord may be turned away from Israel. And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, slay ye every one his men that were joined unto Baal-peor. (*Numb. xcv. 4, 5.*)

The Scythians, Herodotus tells us, scalped their enemies, and carried the scalp at the pommel of their saddles; the Jews probably scalped their enemies.

But God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses. (*Psa., lxxviii , 21.*)

The ancient Scandinavians practiced scalping. When Harold Harefoot seized his rival, Alfred, with six hundred followers, he "had them maimed, blinded, hamstringed, *scalped* or emboweled." (*Tuine's Hist. Eng. Lit. , p. 35.*)

Herodotus describes the Scythian mode of taking the scalp: "He makes a cut round the head near the ears, and shakes the skull out." This is precisely the Indian custom. "The more scalps a man has," says Herodotus, "the more highly is he esteemed among them."

The Indian scalp-lock is found on the Egyptian monuments as one of the characteristics of the Japhetic Libyans who shaved all the head except one lock in the middle.

(To be Continued.)

## TRUE ECONOMY OF LIFE.

THE true economy of human life looks at ends rather than incidents, and adjusts expenditures to a moral scale of values. De Quincey pictures a woman sailing over the water, awakening out of sleep to find her necklace untied and one end hanging over the stream, while pearl after pearl drops from the string beyond her reach; while she clutches at one just falling, another drops beyond recovery. Our days drop one after another by our carelessness, like pearls from a string, as we sail the sea of life. Prudence requires a wise husbanding of time to see that none of these golden coins are spent for nothing. The waste of time is a more serious loss than the extravagances against which there is such loud acclaim.

There are thousands who do nothing but lounge and carouse from morning till midnight—drones in the human hive, who consume and waste the honey that honest workers wear themselves out in making, and insult the day by their dissipation and debauch. There are ten thousand idle, frivolous creatures who do nothing but waste and wear what honest hands accumulate, and entice others to live as worthless lives as they do. Were every man and woman honest toilers, all would have an abundance of everything, and half of every day for recreation and culture. The expenditure of a few dollars in matters of taste is a small matter in comparison with the wasting of months and years by thousands who have every advantage society can offer, and exact every privilege it affords as a right.

## BEECHER AND INGERSOLL.

BY GOAH.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, whose death was but lately recorded, was one of the most eminent divines of his day. His great knowledge and eloquence gained for him large audiences wherever he was pleased to speak, and though he professed no belief in the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints, he took occasion in several of his sermons to enlarge upon ideas which the Lord revealed through the prophet, Joseph Smith, and which were considered extremely heterodox at the time of their first proclamation to the world.

Beecher was undoubtedly far in advance of many modern preachers in his theories and beliefs. He was also far above the prejudices so common to preachers of the sectarian churches when the "Mormons" are in question, and he desired to see this people left free to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, for he recognized many of the superior qualifications possessed by them. That he was a hard student and persistent worker in his profession we cannot but admit, and we must allow him some degree of sincerity in the cause he espoused. Though subject to weaknesses, Beecher was withal a great man.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll, as eminent in his way, perhaps, as the great Brooklyn divine, is a reviler of religion, a disbeliever in God, a scoffer of sacred things. Fair though he may be as a man, and eloquent and powerful as an advocate, he is still without that sacred and holy influence which makes all mankind feel as brothers. Though learned and smart, his contempt and disregard of holy things sinks him in the estimation of his fellows. This may be said, however, to his credit, that he is neither a sycophant nor a hypocrite, and the manly stand he has more than once taken in favor of fair play to all persons of every class is deserving of the highest praise.

It happened one day that these two great men met each other in the company of several other noted intellectual persons. Various topics of interest were brought up for discussion and were treated in a decidedly pleasing and instructive manner, but religion seemed to be purposely avoided. The noted infidel was too polite to introduce it, and the powerful divine held it too sacred to offer it for the attack of an unbeliever and scoffer. Finally, however, one of those present, desirous of seeing a tilt between Ingersoll and Beecher, mentioned the former's position on religious affairs. Instantly the infidel began to defend his views and indeed grew eloquent in speaking of what he was pleased to call his "honest convictions."

Several of those present made replies to his utterances, but contrary to the general expectation Beecher remained silent, with his thoughts apparently upon some other subject, until the person who had introduced the subject turned to him and said:

"Mr. Beecher, have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied:

"Nothing; in fact, if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town to-day I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cesspool of mud in the

endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth, when a big burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was!" said the colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old-time fire as he bent them on Ingersoll—"yes, Colonel Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teachings that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Colonel Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration, and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.

## ONE DAY AT A TIME.

WHILE we are children we are apt to think that about the longest thing in the world is the time from one Christmas to another. What do you suppose the reason? Just this: we are so anxious to have Christmas come that we keep looking ahead all the while, and living a good many days at a time instead of one. But now, once we are grown up, we are so busy that we can only think of it as it comes along, and haven't a chance to look ahead to the next day and the next, and so the time from one Christmas to another seems very short. Sometimes it almost seems to us as if there were two Christmases in one year.

Did you ever hear this story?

A little clock had just been finished by the maker and put on a shelf in his ware-room between two older clocks, who were busy ticking away the noisy seconds. "Well," said one of the clocks to the new-comer, "so you've started on this task; I'm sorry for you. You're ticking bravely now, but you'll be tired enough before you get through your thirty-three million ticks." "Thirty-three million ticks!" said the frightened clock, "why I never could do that," and it stood still instantly with despair. "Why you silly thing," said the other clock at this moment, "why do you listen to such words? It's nothing of the kind. You've only got to make one tick this moment; there, now, isn't that easy? And now another the next moment, and that is just as easy; and so right along." "Oh, if that's all," cried the new clock, "that's easily done, and so here I go," and starting bravely on again, making a tick a moment, and not counting the months and minutes. But when the year was ended, it had made thirty-three million vibrations without knowing it.

That's the way to look at hard things, children. Don't look ahead. Put into each moment only what belongs to that moment, not the things that belong to the next. And so with the days also. And before you know it your "mountains will become mole-hills;" or, in other words, the things that look so hard as to fairly frighten you, will become light and easy. Try it.

**GONE TO HIS REST.**

TO THE MEMORY OF  
PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR.

*Larghetto con moto.*

E. STEPHENS.

Gone to his rest, gone to his rest. 1. Gone is a soul we loved (and cherish'd) gone, Gone to its  
rest. Free from all earth-ly things (that per- ish) Now 'tis with the blest.  
gain, Death could a - lone (these friends restore him) re - store Free from earth-ly pain.

Why should we sigh with sor - row, When to the soul dawns a bright - er mor - row.  
Why should we weep and sigh with sor - row, When dawns the soul's bright mor - row.

While dust to dust re - stor - ing Sore - ly his ab - sence here de - plor - ing.  
Then while the dust to dust re - stor - ing Sore - ly our loss de - plor - ing.

Dry up the tears and hope (let us bor - row) For him it is best.  
We look be - yond and say (a - dor - ing) "Our loss is his gain."

*f* Dry up the tears and hope let us bor - row For him it is best. *Rit.*  
We look be - yond and say a - dor - ing "Our loss is his gain."

## OUR MISSION.

BY HORACE STAYNER.

WHENCE have we come? Why are we here and what have we to do?

Are questions neither idly asked nor careless answered true.  
But things which all good men should know their truth in might defend,

For if we do not sense their weight our use in life will end.

We are of Royal Parentage, the noble sons of God,  
And faithful earth doth much rejoice we have its surface trod;  
It is not true that accident or chance has brought us here,  
For we were chosen long ago while in the heavenly sphere.

Before this lovely earth was made, or stars together sang,  
Or shouting of the sons of God through heavenly arches rang,

Well known we were and chosen because we'd faithful been,  
Our valor in our first estate, God's loving eye had seen.

And gazing down through future years He saw how sin would gain

A conquest o'er man's weak estate and in the world would reign,  
That age on age would strengthen fast its firm enduring hold,  
And man become the abject slave of woman, wine or gold.

That men would yield to drunkenness, and virtue yield to lust,  
Gold would purchase honesty, honor be brought to dust.  
Life would be taken recklessly, and mothers murderers be,  
And all the sins hell could devise, the latter day would see.

And in the people's worship would idolatry be shown,  
And a God described as "nothing" be the only God that's known.  
A priestcraft would enthrall the mind and chill the heart of man,  
And Satan thus exultant be, as only Satan can.

He further saw in future time the sorrowing heavens weep  
And anguished angels blushed with shame no longer silence keep,

While spirits waiting numberless for bodies here on earth,  
Dreading the dark and sinful life portended through such birth,

Approach with prayer their loving God and ask for glory's sake  
If it is just and right that they should sinful bodies take,  
For they trembled at the certain fate such life would surely give  
And they so earnest wished to earn the boon with Him to live.

Then Father's heart was touched with grief and His sense of justice rose

As he heard His children's righteous plaint and saw their future woes,

And he looked around with piercing eye on all of heaven's host

To see of that large multitude whom he could trust the most.

For he needed those of valor tried who ne'er with fear would quail,

Whose virtue and whose honor fronting sin would never fail;  
Whose faithfulness in times before had proved their strength and might

Who could these sinful bodies take, and battle for the right.

Who would wrestle with temptation, and 'gainst sinful lust contend

Who would control their passions, the power of God extend,  
Would purify their hearts and lives, resist the power of sin,  
Till Satan should be vanquished and righteousness brought in.

Who never would give up the fight so long as life remained,  
Whate'er the strength by foe possessed, till victory was gained,  
Who would protect weak woman and virtue with their lives  
And uphold the sacred honor of mothers, sisters, wives.

Who would resist the tempting cup, the thief that steals men's brains,

And ne'er would yield a lustful wish for gold's dishonored gains,  
Who would ne'er encroach on virtue, nor despoil the sacred bloom

From the chastity of woman, they would fear the dreadful doom.

Who by earnest solemn study would seek the will of God  
And learn to teach the people to hold fast the iron rod:  
Show how pleasant 'tis to walk in God's salvation way,  
And help the weak and feeble in righteousness to stay.

Who would raise on high the standard and in loud voice proclaim  
The will of God and urge all men to call upon His name,  
Would meet bold priestcraft face to face and wrest with might and main

The souls of men and women from its stern relentless chain.

These are the spirits God looked for in all that waiting throng  
And saw those He would hold reserved as years should roll along,  
And these to-night before me are of those chosen ones  
Whom in that distant day God saw among his many sons.

## GOOD ADVICE.

PRESIDENT PORTER of Yale College, gave the following advice to students of the institution the other day:  
"Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, faith, honesty and industry. Inscribe on your banner, 'Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice; keep at your helm and steer your own ship. Assume your own position.

"Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Energy, invincible determination with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers; advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love God and your fellow-man, truth, virtue and your country."

If this advice is followed by the young men, the millennium will soon come.

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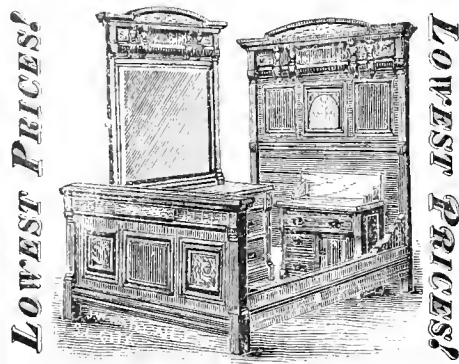
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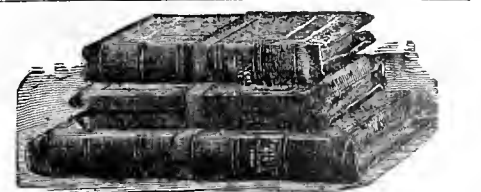
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